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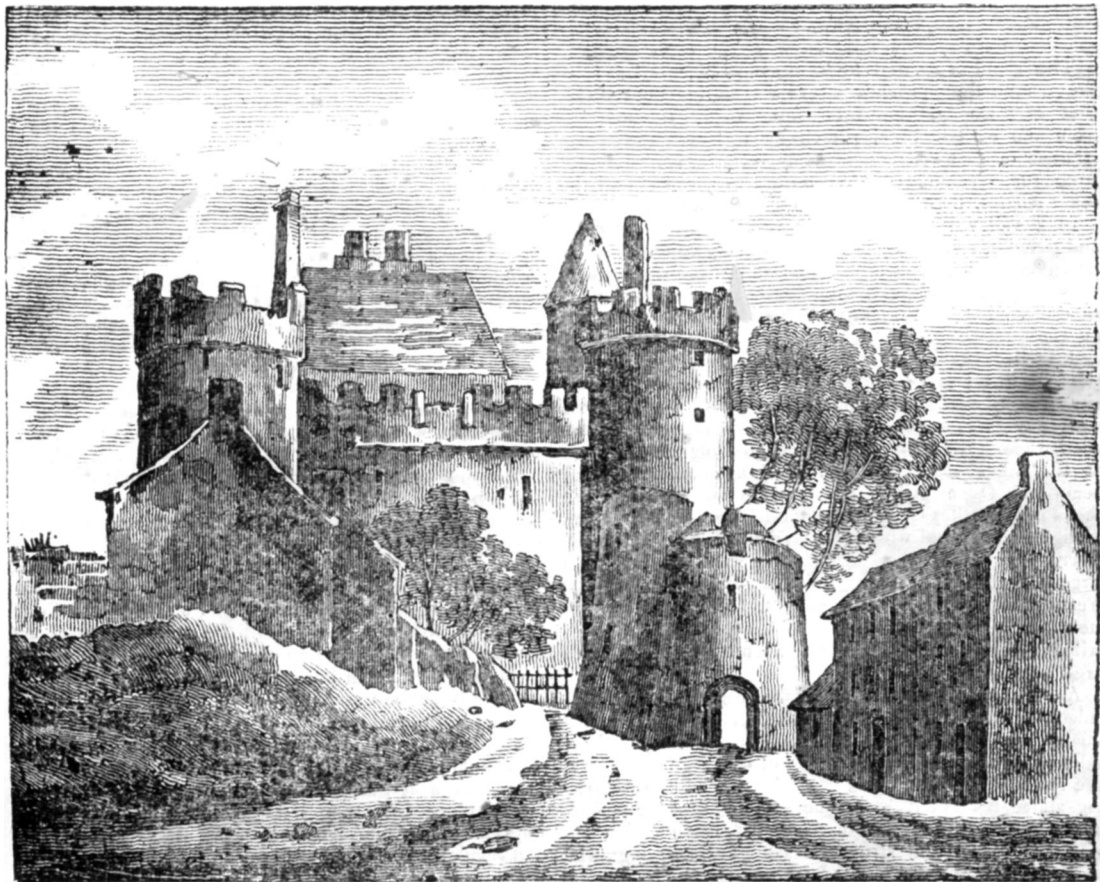
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KILLYLEAGH CASTLE, COUNTY OF DOWN.

The castellated mansion seen in the prefixed view stands adjoining the town of Killyleagh, and was formerly the seat of the Hamiltons, Earls of Clancaboy, and Clanbrasil; from whom it descended, with a portion of its domains, to the present venerable proprietor, Archibald H. Rowen, Esq. On an archway, at the entrance, is in large figures of cut stone, the date 1666; probably referring to the period of the erection of this castle, or at least to its being rebuilt; as a castle stood here long prior to the above period, called from the surname of its owner, *White's castle*. At present this building appears desolate and neglected, its courts and yards are overgrown with weeds, and the walls have assumed that dull, hoary aspect, so indicant of ruin, and appears as if destined to moulder through all the various stages of decay.

Killyleagh is the only town in the small barony of Dufferin, and was formerly held by the Irish sept of Mac Cartan, who also possessed the barony of Kinclarty, or Mac Cartan's country, and the southern parts of that of Castleleagh. On the conquest of the maritime parts of Ulster by Sir John de Courcy, an English family named Mandeville, settled at Killyleagh, who were succeeded by the Whites, who were also of English extraction.

In 1667, the castle of the Whites was besieged by the celebrated Shane O'Neill, but its defenders made such a

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vigorous resistance, that Shane was at length compelled to abandon this enterprise.

In 1590, the family of the Whites are represented as greatly reduced in circumstances, being only able to raise one hundred and twenty footmen, and twenty horse, a force declared quite inadequate to plant or defend the country. Eight years afterwards they were only able to muster twenty footmen, at which period it is noted that the Dufferin is held by "one White, a mean gentleman."

1598, About this time Captain Ancholy Mac Cartan, joining Tyrone in his rebellion with two hundred and fifty horsemen and some kerns, on the suppression of that turbulent chieftan, the remaining possessions of the Mac Cartans, in the Dufferin, were attained.

By the population returns made in 1821, the town of Killyleagh contained two hundred and six dwelling-houses, and 1110 inhabitants.

S. M. S.

"THE AMULET."

Although this handsome little candidate for the honors of the new year may not be deemed so amusing as some of its competitors, the articles it furnishes will certainly be found to contain much more useful information

than is given in the generality of the other animals. There are several pretty pieces of poetry in the volume; and an Anglo-Irish story by Mrs. Hall, (Ellen Ray,) although we do not consider it equal to several other sketches from the pen of the same lady, it will be read with interest by many. The engravings are good—and as the work is edited by an Irishman, Mr. C. S. Hall, we should hope that it will be generally patronised by those of our readers who are anxious to encourage Irish talent. The following, which we have abridged so as to suit our pages, may be taken as a fair specimen of the contents:—

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE,

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, L. L. D.

The island of Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian islands. It retains to this day the epithet of "woody," bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time, presenting to the approaching stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure, very different from the bleak and rugged sterility which marks all the other islands, both in the Ionian and Egean seas.

In a valley near the sea is a vast depression, shallow and circular, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells, from the bottoms of which there is a continued ebullition of petroleum—a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch, and used for all the same purposes.

I landed in Zante, in the suit of Lord Strangford, on the 27th of December, 1820; and my first object of curiosity was to visit and examine those wells. I set out the next day on horseback with some friends, and we proceeded along the promontory of Scopos along the sea shore at the other side. The aspect of the country was very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothed the smiling valleys. White asphodel, now in full flower, though the depth of winter, covered all the hills, and made a very rich and flowery scene. We were attracted by a large and glittering mass, which shone resplendent at a great distance. We found it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite, or sulphate of lime, formed into very brilliant crystallizations, having a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island.

As we approached the site of the wells we were particularly struck with the surrounding scenery. The valley inland was the segment of a circle, surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills; on the fourth, the remainder of the circle could be traced by rocks rising above the water, as if the sea had, at some period, burst in and destroyed the continuity, leaving, at intervals, the larger and stronger masses, and carrying away those which had made less resistance.

On our return we dined at the hospitable mansion of the governor, Sir Patrick Ross. As the palace was very small, the gentlemen in the suite of the embassy were lodged in different houses, and I and another were located in the Palazzo di Forcardi, belonging to a Zantiote nobleman, who was attending his duty in Corfu, as a member of the legislative body of the Ionian republic, leaving his large house vacant for our accommodation. The town of Zante is extensive and populous, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and four thousand houses, generally large edifices built by the Venetians, of hewn stone, with dense massive walls. That in which we were placed was of considerable size, consisting of a court-yard, through which was the approach, by a broad flight of marble steps, to a gallery which opened into a long and spacious apartment, or saloon, running the whole length of the building, and terminating, at the other end, in a balcony which opened on the parade. At one side, doors led to several rooms occupied by the numerous domestics; on the other to a drawing-room and two bed-chambers, assigned to our accommodation. The whole was on a grand scale—the walls of great thickness, and the lofts ceiled and stuccoed with deep mouldings and ponderous cornices, and a variety of large and grotesque stucco figures in alto-relievo, suspended, as it were, by their backs from the ceiling. We dressed and went to dinner; and in the evening found a large party assembled in the saloon to meet the ambassador. We had music and singing. We amused the company with our observations on the wells,

and laughed at the various speculations they afforded of an approaching earthquake; and, having thus enjoyed a most festive and delightful evening, we parted at midnight, and returned to our quarters. It was a bright, star-light night of uncommon brilliancy—the air calm, the atmosphere clear, the sky serene; everything harmonized with the festivity we had just left; our minds were in unison with the feeling; the very heavens seemed to smile on our gaiety; and we laughed, as we had often done in the course of the evening, at the thoughts of an earthquake.

When the servant led me to my room, he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage, that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; those now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of had actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way: the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentation, which came from below; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half

buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I perceived a light and heard voices, which proceeded from the servants who came to look for me in the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but, when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacramento! eccolo schiacciato. There he is crushed to death!" and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed-clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose, and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance, also, I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the government-house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth—it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were every where lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the rest of the edifice. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the four thousand houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every minute upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron saint, Dyonisius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the people universally attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet, if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

The elements of the earthquake seemed to have mingled themselves with the heavens. The very face of nature was changed from its mild and calm aspect to that of a perfect storm; and it was in vain we attempted to hold communication with the frigate, which we ardently wished to get on board of. Nothing could be more comfortless than our situation: the inclemency of the weather would not suffer us to remain abroad, and the tottering state of the houses did not invite us in, particu-

larly as every hour some slight shock informed us that the convulsion was not over, and was likely to prostrate what remained of the shaken city. There was now formed a solemn procession to St. Dyonisius, which I joined, with the governor and some of his officers, as is usual in the Ionian islands on the festivals of the natives. But we were interrupted by a phenomenon more extraordinary and as awful as that of the night before. Just as we set out, the sky became as dark as pitch, the storm increased to a hurricane, and we perceived the sea close to the shore boiling as if in a cauldron. Suddenly a shower of ice burst on us from the skies, and fell with such violence as to prostrate several persons whom it struck! The fall of these ice-stones was generally broken by the roofs of houses, from whence they rebounded, shattering the tiles, and rolling along the streets, like cannon-balls! The procession crowded into the church, as a protection against these terrific "stones," which were certainly similar to the awful hail of the Scriptures. While engaged in solemn prayer another violent shock of an earthquake shook the church in the midst of the storm. I never saw the effect of awe and fear more strongly depicted. The whole congregation remained as still as death, but burst into a silent flood of irrepressible tears. With all these impressions on my mind I was called on by the governor and the ambassador to read a thanksgiving service at the palace, for our escape. I had no time to prepare, as I could wish, for such a solemn occasion, but there was no need to seek for appropriate words. During the prayers another storm came on, and another shock of an earthquake nearly caused the book to fall from my hand, seeming to rend the house asunder. My congregation, like those of the procession, were deeply affected. It was the voice of God himself that seemed to address them.

I had met the day before at the palace some of the officers of the 36th regiment, to which I had been formerly chaplain, and I promised to dine this day with my old messmates. Colonel Cross now called on me, and I went with him to see their mess-room. It had been a Venetian palace, built of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and a portico, and built in the most massive manner. It now seemed, as it were, upturned from its foundation; the marble steps of the grand stair-case stood all on their ends; the stone floors were broken up, as if by some implements, and all the parts of the edifice were inverted, intimating that the shock had come from below, and had acted perpendicularly upwards. Had the earthquake postponed but a few hours, till we had assembled at dinner, what a sudden destruction would have fallen upon us all! At the time it happened there was no one in the building.

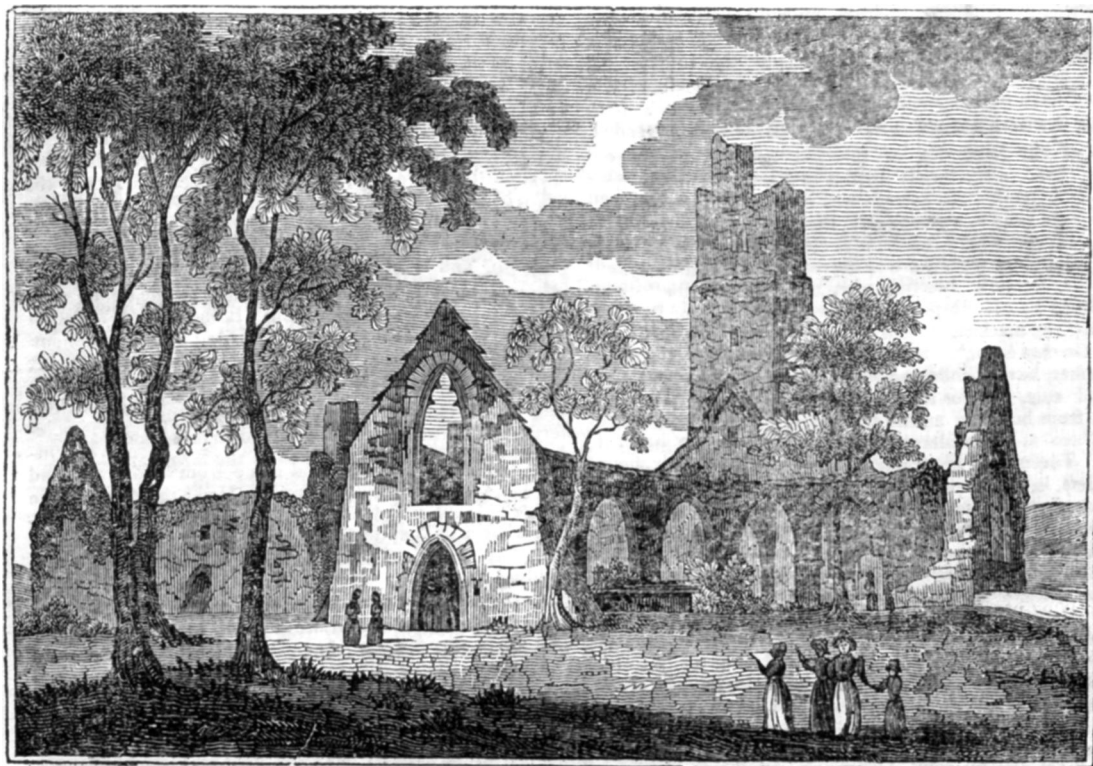
As the menage of the palace, and of almost every other house, was in confusion, we went to dine with a gentleman at another part of the town, which had not suffered so severely. The hail was now succeeded by thunder and deluges of rain, and when we were returning at night we found all the streets inundated. In wading across one of them my legs were impeded by something from which I could not extricate them. A light was brought from a neighbouring house, and it was with horror I found myself entangled with a corpse, several of which were floating through the streets. I next day learned the cause of this new catastrophe. The town of Zante is built at the base of a hill, and rises up the sides. The summit of the hill presents the appearance of a ridge, which slopes gradually down to the right; but nearly over the middle of the town it seems broken into a chasm, from whence it descends to the left very abrupt and irregular. It at once strikes an observer that the two hills on which the town stands, were originally one, but were cleft in twain, like Eildon-hill, by some convulsion: and this was the fact. In the great earthquake mentioned before, the hill was riven in two, and part of the ancient city, with the inhabitants, buried in the chasm. From the great quantities of rain which fell the day before, the water had accumulated in this rent. A strong mound of masonry had been made across, which served as a bridge to pass from one side of the ravine to the other; but this had been so shattered by the earthquake that it could no longer support the weight of water that pressed against it. Below was a suburb of the town, which had also suffered from

the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest anxious and harrassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt, that I felt entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal; the hill seemed as if recently burst open; the valley was strewed with the wrecks of houses covered with mud; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of their cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away.

The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships in the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a house-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea,

and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers ran on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

The moment the weather moderated we hastened on board; and the ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniment of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp, deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one short day in the island of Zante. We found it smiling in its beauty, with every thing that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect. In a moment all was changed, the ground was rent open, towns were destroyed, the sky poured down portentous stones, mountains were burst asunder, inundations swept away whole streets with their inhabitants, and we left the island in horror and desolation, where nothing was heard but mourning, lamentation, and woe."



WEST VIEW OF KILCREA ABBEY.

This interesting remnant of antiquity, situated on the southern margin of the small river Bride, in the county of Cork, was founded in the year 1645, by Cormac, Lord Muskery. It was placed under the invocation of St. Bridgid, and flourished in high reputation until the general suppression of monastic houses.

The ruins occupy a retired and beautiful position, on the banks of the Bride. The most desirable entrance is approached through an avenue of venerable trees.

It would appear, from the ruins, that the buildings were not of great extent, nor do they exhibit the traces of any architectural peculiarities. They resemble, in design and character, the remains of several other ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, known to have been erected in the fifteenth century; and thus assist in showing that the pointed style of that era, as regards this island, differed little from the architectural mode prevailing at the same time in Britain. From the excellence of the materials

(quarries of marble being found in the vicinity) this edifice was of superior delicacy to many in less favoured parts of the country; but there are no indications of its having even on the interior, partaken largely of embellishment.

The abbey formerly contained a nave, one transept, a chancel, a small chapel, and the cloisters; all of small size, and now in complete ruin; nothing of any beauty remaining. The windows have been all long since destroyed.

This has long been a popular place of sepulture, and much noble dust mingles with the soil of its gloomy and neglected aisles.

I could not, however, find any stone with a legible inscription, beyond the date of 1739; though there are many that appear much older, yet they are devoid of inscription, most likely worn away. The following I copied:—

"Here lieth the body of Denis Mac Carthy, Esq., who departed this life, April the 2d, 1739, aged 45 years.

Let honour, valour, virtue, justice, mourn
Cloghrois Mac Carthy live less in this urn;